THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.

A Farce.

ACTED

By His Majesties Servants.

LONDON,

Printed for *Simon Neal*, at the Sign of the three Pidgeons in *Bedford-street* in *Covent-Garden*. 1674.

PROLOGUE.

AS when ſome dogrel-monger raiſes
Up Muſe, to flatter Doxies praiſes,
He talks of Gems and Paradiſes,
Perfumes and Arabian *Spices:*
Making up Phantaſtick Poſies
Of Eye-lids, Fore-heads, Cheeks and Noſes,
Calling them Lillies, Pinks and Roſes.
Teeth Orient Pearl, and Coral Lips are,
Neck's Alablaſter and Marble Hips are;
Prating of Diamonds, Saphyrs, Rubies,
What a Pudder's with theſe Boobies?
Dim Eyes are Stars, and Red hairs Guinnies:
And thus deſcribed by theſe Ninnies,
As they ſit ſcribling on Ale-Benches,
Are homely dondy Country Wenches.
So when this Plot quite purg'd of Ale is,
In naked truth but a plain Tale is;
And in ſuch dreſs we mean to ſhew it,
In ſpight of our damn'd Fuſtian Poet,
Who has diſguis'd it with dull Hiſtri's,
Worſe than his Brethren e're did Miſtreſs.

THE

SCENE OPENS.

Morena *the Apple-woman Empreſs of* Morocco *diſcovered ſleeping.*

Thunder and Lightning.

The Ghoſt of *Labas* the Corn-cutter aſcends and does not ſing (leſt it ſhould be thought that the rare Fancy, was ſtolen from that ſinging Ghoſt of *Pompey*) but ſpeaks.

From

Prologue.

FRom Tuttle Fields full ſpeed I came
To tell you all y'are much to blame,
Great P---y's injur'd Ghoſt I *am.*

Siſter Morocco *pine no more,*
Behold the man they lov'd before,
Though ſlighted now like common Whore.

When to Elyzium *they ſhall come*
Where all ſubmit to Poets doom,
Wee'l be reveng'd on all and ſome.

Hectors ſhall take their Oaths away,
Poets their VVit they ſteal from Play,
VVenches their Claps --- then what are they?

When

When thus the ſwelling thing's brought low,
How will poor naked Critick ſhow;
Think Ladies, for you beſt do know.

As dull and cold you'l find his zeal,
As heart of Mob that home does ſteal,
Forc'd to leave Cloaths in pawn for Ale.

Then hungry Filt that rails at Play,
'Cauſe Cully will not bite to day,
And's eager grown for want of prey,

Shall ſtill in ſight have Folly Robin,
But all her tricks ſhan't make him bob in.

When paſsion's up, t' allay the flame o't,
Wee'l tickle her to death with ſtraw moat.

But I *muſt go* -----

When Pullen ſwell and ruſtle ſo,
And Critick Cock prepares to Crow,
All Ghoſts but his unwelcome grow.

The Ghoſt deſcends.

Morena the Apple-woman wakes and ſpeaks.

Is not my P--y here? then ſure hee's gone,
How long his ſpeech was and how ſoon 'twas done!

ACTORS NAMES.

Men.

Muly Labas *a Corn-cutter, Emperour of* Morocco. — *Mr.* Coysh.

Muly Hamet *a Dray-man, and General of the Emperours Armies.* — *Mr.* Kew.

Crimalhaz *a Strong-water-man, and Gallant to Queen-Mother.* — *Mr.* Watson.

Hamet Alhaz *a Country Vicar, and Friend to* Crimalhaz *the Strong-water-man.* — *Mr.* Powel.

Abdrahaman *a Chimney-sweeper, and Rival to* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.* — *Mr.* Bird.

Abdelcador *a Porter and Embassador from* Taffalet *to* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.* — *Mr.* Carlton.

Messenger, *a Coffee-man.* — *Mr* Kempton.

Eunuch, *a Tapster.* — *Mr.* Venner.

ACTORS NAMES.

Women.

Laula *an Hoſteſs, Queen-Mother.* *Mr.* Griffin.

Mariamne *a Scinder VVench, Daughter of the Empreſs, and Mrs. of Prince* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.* } *Mr.* Goodman.

Morena *an Apple-woman, young Empreſs and Daughter of* Taffalet. } *Mr.* Harris.

Bum-bailyes, Morris-dancers, Tapſters, Gypſies, Tinkers, and other Attendants.

THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.

A Farce.

SCENE OPENS
and discovers the Court at
HOT-COCKLES.

Muly Labas *the Corn-cutter being taken, and about to lay down his Head in* Morena *the Apple-womans Lap.*

Muly La. OH *Morena* I am took napping
And must lay my head thy blew Lap in,
And my poor fist upon my Rump lay
That ev'ry one of these there thump may.

Morena. Is my Lap then such ill abiding
That you should need make all this chiding?

Enter Hamet Alhaz *the Country Vicar, and speaks to* Muly Labas *the Corn-cutter.*

Ham. Al. Great Sir, your Hector *Hamet*'s coming;
From Car-men and stout Butchers thrumming
At the Bear-garden, he is crossing
From Bank-side on billows tossing:
River bright does change complexion
With his tatter'd Flags reflexion:
Boat does move as man does pull her,
In greater State you ne're saw Sculler:
Drum does rattle and Boys do bellow
Hamet up, for a pretty Fellow.
He all the way Tobacco puffing,
And in the smoak your praises huffing;
As School Boys use with little trouble
From Walnut-shell to blow up bubble;
Or as Nurse pleases Child in Cradle
With the dim smoak of an old Ladle.

Mul, Lab. This matter that you are relating
Does not merit half this prating.

Lays his Head down again in Morena's *Lap.*

2. Moth. Come about the buſineſs roundly
And be ſure you ſtrike him ſoundly.

As Crimalhaz *the Strong-water-man ſtrikes with his Slipper,* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man Enters.*

Morena. Who was that?

He riſes up and looks about him.

Muly Ham. It was ſome Brangler
That ſtruck with Slipper, like a Wrangler:
By *Jove* if I knew who's the author
I in his porridg wou'd pour Water.
Ham. Alhaz. Labas though you be in ſuch dudgeon
Yet you muſt ſwallow me this Gudgeon.
Theſe are new Shoes, as I was ſaying
I came juſt now from *Cudgel* playing
Where from all the mad rout I won them,
So you may take them there, and don them.

Throws the Shoes.

2. Moth. Think'ſt thou with Shoes to beg thy pardon,
Thoſe Shoes with which thou layd'ſt ſo hard on?
Ham. Alhaz. ——— Who I?
2. Moth. ——— I thou.

Ham. Alhaz. ——— O errant Lyer!

Q. Moth. Stand all away, let me come nigher
That I may ſcratch his copper Noſe off.

Ham. Alhaz. Peace Beldame, or I'le ſhake your Shoes off.

Muly Lab. Good Mother peace, you make a ſquabble
In very truth abominable,
And with your bawling put the Youth out,
So I ſhall never find the truth out.

Ham. Alhaz. Sir I came in but very newly,
Old Mother Bunch does not ſay truly.

Muly Lab. Peace ſawſe-box, know it is Queen Mother,

Ham. Alhaz. 'Twas *Crimalhaz* made all this pother.

Crimalhaz. It was not I, no in good ſooth Sir.

Morena. He tells you not one word of truth Sir;
When Bum was turn'd up I did watch it,
And I do ſay, 'twas *Crimalhatchet*.

Q. Moth. But you may ſpare him tho' *Morena*.
You know well enough what I mean a.

Morena. Fye, Fye, Fuſtilugs, be not yellow
For he is but a dungy Fellow.

Q. Moth. Marry come up, my durty Cozen,
He may have ſuch as you by th' Dozen,
And therefore make not ſuch a buſtle
For you are but an errant puſſle.

Moren. Mother *Shipton* been't ſo teſty,
You may perhaps find me as teſty; ——

My *Labas* ſtruck by *Muly Hamet*!
You may all be aſham'd to name it.

Q. Moth. Eunuch tell truth, for you ſtood by it;
Since they ſo ſhamefully deny it.

Eunuch. Tut all this ſcolding is but Non-ſence,
'Twas *Crimalhaz* upon my conſcience.

Q. Moth. Out from my ſight thou baſe miſhapen
Ugly Daſtard, Craven, Capon.

Abdra. How *Crimalhaz*! upon my credit
'Twas *Muly Hamet* there that did it.

Crimalhaz. Now, I will haſte me to our Village
And there look after Sheep and Tillage. (*aſide*)

Crimalhaz *the Strong-water-man ſteals off.*

Muly Lab. Is *Crimalhaz* ſo good at ſneaking
To ſteal away thus without ſpeaking?

Turns to Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.*

Hamet ſince thou haſt caus'd this brabble
Converſe hereafter with the rabble:
From Court and City I thee baniſh
Preſto be gone, why doſt not vaniſh?

Muly Ham. In troth Sir I am verry ſorry
So ſoon to quit your territory;
Tho' in it I muſt make no figure,
With all my heart I with it bigger.

Muly

Muly Lab. —— How bigger!

Muly Ham. —— —— Yes indeed and longer.

Muly Lab. I find my Cholet waxing ſtronger.

Mariam. Labas were you ten times my Brother,
My love I can no longer ſmother;
Your anger now grows too unruly,
For my part I'le go with my *Muly*.

Muly Lab. Mariamne I don't think it proper
That you ſo ſoon ſhou'd turn Hedg-hopper;
But ſince you are in ſuch a taking,
As you do brew you may be baking.

[*Exeunt* Muly Ham. *and* Mariamne.

Q. Moth. Oh Son you have now quite undone us
If *Crimalhaz* does thus outrun us,
For we the Parſon muſt be feaſting
And with him there will be no jeſting,
He'll be ſo croſs, who can abide him
If we a Sheeps-head don't provide him?
He's ſuch an errant Mutton-monger:
Wherefore let us ſtay here no longer,
But after *Crimalhaz* be creeping:
Who has got all the Sheep in's keeping:
And when we are all there together,
Be ſure with him you make fair weather.

Muly Lab. But *Laula* you who are his doxie
Had beſt beſpeak him by your proxie;

For

For he'l be vapouring and bragging
If I go after him a begging.

2. Moth. No *Labas*, there you are miſtaken,
We ſhall have Coleworts, Beans and Bacon,
Fat Mutton boil'd and Cheſnuts roaſted,
Parcht Peaſe, Potardes, and Cheeſe toaſted:
And fully to end all the quarrel,
Of humming Ale a luſty barrel.

Muly Lab. If this be more than meerly Cogging,
Let's talk no more but ſtraight be jogging.

2. Moth. 'Tis very true, you need not doubt it.
Muly Lab. Then Come away, let's go about it.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene

Scene the second.

Enter Hamet Alhaz *the Country* Vicar.

Ham. Alhaz. SWeet Gentiles all, I am that Parson
They lay the fault of all this Farce on,
And thus most basely do belye me
Having no Friend here to stand by me,
Saying this Journey they were put on
Only to feast my Chops with Mutton.
Although the scandal on our Coat lies,
Who ever says it in his throat lyes;
As though I'de keep a Jewish pascal.
But I may thank *Hamet* that Rascal,
For he, and that same Jackadandy
Emperour, came here for Ale and Brandy;
Laula, *Morena*, and t' other Gipsy
Came hither only to be tipsy:
And when spent *Crimalhaz* his store is
They will come out, and dance the *Moris*:
And I my self the Hobby-horse am;
Thus treated I without remorse am.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger, *viz. the Coffee-man.*

Meſſen. Hamet they have drunk all the ſuddle
And ſtraight will come here on a huddle.

Ham. Alhaz. Then till they come I'le tell a ſtory,
The ſtrangeſt too, e're came before ye.
To day as I the wheat-Field ſtood in
The ſky was alter'd on a ſuddain,
And look'd as thick as haſty pudding:
For lo, behold the Aiery Region
Had water in't to drown a Legion
Of Flies, had they been buzzing in it,
If you will credit one has ſeen it:
Then preſently our goodly Sun ſhine,
Was grown almoſt as dusk as Moon ſhine:
And which did more encreaſe our wonder,
It did both lighten, rain, and thunder;
And wet to th' skin poor I, and *Hamet*,
But now it is too late to blame it:
Quoth I, let's find ſome place to ſleep in,
This is no weather to keep Sheep in.
See what it is to be no Scholler,
This made the Woodcock grow in choller,
And at the gods to huff and ſpatter,
Swearing they were all drunk with water;
When I that ſtood but juſt behind him,
Beſought their worſhips not to mind him:
Parſon quoth he I'me not ſo ſilly, [*changes his place and voice.*
Though you do ſtrut in *Piccadilly*
And are a greater cheat than----

E're to be frighted with your canting,
More than you are at all my ranting:
Then he began to stare and goggle
Like skittish Jade about to boggle.
Then straight cry'd I, *Hamet* I'le leave ye,
Still praise the Gods though they deceive ye;
Yet I no Parson with starch't face am,
But in good sooth *Hamet Albaz* am.

The Scene opens.

A Table furnish'd with Brandy, Ale, and Tobacco-pipes. Enter King, Queen, *&c.* with Attendants; their Trains supported by Porters and Gypsies; a Heathen dance is presented by Tinkers and Jack-puddings, who bring in an artificial broad spreading broom about which they dance to Drum-stick and Kettle, Tongs and Key, Morish, Timbrel and Salt-box, *&c.*

In

In the Intervalls of the dance, this Song is ſung by the Court, and the Chorus excellently perform'd by all the voices and inſtruments.

SONG.

Stanza I.

YOur North-down Ale is muddy,
French Wine quite ſpoils your ſtuddy,
'Twill make your Brains ſo addle,
As any jog i'th' Cradle.
'Twill make your &c. Chorus.

Stanza II.

All ſtrong Beer makes you duller,
Than Porter, Groom, or Sculler:
Exceſs of Sack does dull ſome,
And Chocolate is fulſome,
And Coffee now does gull ſome.
Exceſs of Sack, &c. Chorus.

Stanza III.

It elevates the Reason,
No higher than damn'd Treason;
Which makes the Saints to love it,
And all new lights approve it.
Which makes the &c. Chorus.

Stanza IV.

Brumsick *Mum's meer puddle,*
And Rhenish Wine base fuddle,
But Brandy is the Liquor,
Makes all your veins flow quicker:
Brandy the best of Nectars,
Makes us bolder than Hectors,
Fearing no Ghosts nor Specters.
Brandy the best &c. Chorus.

After they have Danced a while, Muly Labas *the Corn-cutter falls down, being dead drunk.*

Moren. Woe and alas, help, help ſome Brandy;
Oh help me ſome body that 's handy.

Q. Moth. Pernicious Woman thou haſt kill'd him,
And with baſe tipple over fill'd him.

Moren. Mother it makes me more aſtoniſht
To be by you now thus admoniſht.
Did you not cry, Ply him with liquor,
Yawling out fill, fill, Daughter quicker.

Q. Moth. Was I of drink ſo very craving?
I pitty her, this is meer raving,
She rages worſe than huffing Players;
Go try if you can ſay your Prayers.

Moren. I'le wing'd by love for you be groping,
Nor can I miſs where you lie moping.

{*Turning to*
{Muly Labas.

Crimalhaz. What's the cauſe of all this rumble?
What was it ho, did make him tumble?

Moren. You need not ask me what he aileth,
Do not you ſee his memory faileth?
Then thus in ſhort, the all and ſum is
My poor *Labas*, ſo drunk, as drum is:
Though he thus ſweetly ſeems to ſlumber,
His Breeches are bedight with ſcumber.
Oh drunken Siſter, Maudlin Mother,
Thus to diſguiſe your Son and Brother.

Muly

{Muly Labas *wakes and speaks.*

Muly Lab. VVhen Gods are in *Olympus* fluster'd,
And for a while half hufft and bluster'd:
Breeches for Petticoats they're chopping
In Masquerade to come hedg-hopping
Amongst us here to bellow.
Jove in disguise has been a Sculker
On Earth, to find him out a Bulker:
You know he once came down a trulling,
The shape of beastly great Town Bull in;
And so in twenty other dresses,
In Villages to find out Misses;
VVhich shews no Game i'th' upper Region,
Can be compar'd to the sweet Pidgeon,
VVho e're disputes this is a widgeon.

{*chucks* Morena *the Apple-woman under the Chin.*

{*Lies down and sleeps again.*

Crimalhaz *the Strong-water man addresses himself to* Morena *the Apple-woman.*

Crimalhaz. Sweet blouz you make us all look sadly,
To see you still take on thus madly:
But shou'd you blubber till to morrow,
There's no drink left to ease your sorrow.

Morena.

Morena. Oh *Crimalhatchet*, you are cruel
To uſe him thus, loves you but too well.

Crimalh. Freſh as the Honey-ſuckles flower,
Say wilt thou be my Paramour.

Moren. Stand off, bold impudent Invador,
Think'ſt thou I am of Copper made, or
Braſs, that I my *Labas* ſhou'd wrong thus,
Now he but ſleeps Dog-ſleep among us.

{Crimalhaz *puts by her hood.*

Crimalh. Juſt ſo the bluſhing Morn appeareth,
VVhen from behind black Cloud it leareth:
So falling rain doth look on Cherries,
VVhen baskets full come here in VVherries.
Thus Orange looks new rub'd with piſs-clout,
Or ſcullions face beſmear'd with Diſh-clout:
Such looks the VVelkin puts on even
VVhen Cuckolds are going to Heaven.

Moren. Though on my ſhoulders you are leaning,
Yet I don't underſtand your meaning.

Crimalh. So when *Aurora*'s Dew doth ſcatter,
Roſe-buds do ſmile quite through her water:
And whil'ſt your Roſes are diſtilling
Of their ſweet Liquor, I'le be ſwilling.

Cri-

Crimalhaz *the Strong-water-man, offers to kiss* Morena *the Applewoman, and bites her Pendents which are two Pears.*

Moren. Fie, get you gon you nasty swabber,
For I do hate your ugly slabber.

Crimalh. I gave you wherewithal to paint ye,
Therefore you need not be so dainty.

flings away and comes again.

Against all these I'le fight your battle,
And give each of them a sound rattle:
One Brandy bottle is behind yet
And hid, where none but I can find it.

Moren. Indeed?

Crimalh. And you shall have your share on't,
Before your company is 'ware on't;
Come tell me now, will you not love me?

Moren. I'le do in that as shall behove me.

Crimalh. Then stay not here, but let's together.

Moren. I will do both —— I can do neither.
Revenge says go, honor does no say,
Truly I do not know what to say. [*whispers.*

Laula

Laula *the Hoſteſs ſtrikes at* Crimalhaz *the Strong-water-man, and hits* Morena *the Apple-woman, they make a great ſcuffle and* Hamet Alhaz *the Country* Vicar *runs out with* Mariamne *the Scinder* VVench, Muly Hamet *the Dray-man a little after at another Door.*

2 Moth. Out fornicator are you billing,
And is your Franion too ſo willing?

Ham. Alhaz. Come thou with me thou pretty Harlot,
And I will be thy loving Varlot.

They all fall in confuſion, tumbling one over another, Muly Hamet *the Dray-man Enters as they go out.*

Muly Ham. That I my baggage now ſhou'd loſe ſo,
Does make me wilder than Furioſo:
I ſhou'd have kill'd all that came near me,
Nay even thoſe that did but hear me,
Made all the Furies ſtand affrighted,
Like trembling Children when benighted.
But they moſt baſely have outrun me,
Alas, alas, they've quite undone me;

And left ſo many woes to grieve me,
That Divine Brandy can't relieve me;
If you'd deſcribe grim *Pluto's* dwelling,
'Tis done by my ſad Story telling.

Enter Abdelcador *(a Porter, ſmoaking a Pipe of Tobacco,) Ambaſſador from* Taffilet *to* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.*

Abdelcad. Kind *Taffilet* hearing your praiſes,
H'as turn'd his army to pick Dayſies;
And gives to you our great Metropolis
With all Exciſes and Monopolies;
Swearing I pray you Sir obſerve it,
That your ſtout drinking does deſerve it;
And ſoon he'le privately come hither,
That you two may be drunk together.

Muly Ham. All this alas, to me 's no bleſſing,
Now my kind *Bona-Roba's* miſſing;
For neither conqueſt, thrones, nor treaſure,
Without a Wench, yield any pleaſure.

Enter Hamet Alhaz *the Country Vicar, Bound.*

Thus ſtript of thy black gowns protection,
I order thee Gentle correction;

Tyed

Tyed up to poſt, inſtead of Gaunches,
Thou ſhalt be drubb'd on both thy haunches.

Ham. Alhaz. Princox, I ſcorn thee, and thy malice;
And in thy Guts, wiſh all thy Tallyes.

Ham. Alhaz *is led off to Execution.*

Enter Abdrahaman *the Chimney-ſweeper, leading* Mariamne *the Scinder-Wench.*

Abdrah. I found your Trull behind yon Buſhes,
Sleeping upon a Tuft of Ruſhes;
Stretcht out at length on her back lying,
Some warm thoughts thereby ſignifying:
Louder, than any Porpus ſnoring;
Oh, what man cou'd forbear adoring?

Muly Ham. Thanks brave Heroick Chimney-ſweeper;
Hold, thou ſhalt be my Tally keeper.

Abdrah. How? I keep your Tallyes! no ſuch matter,
She in my chops makes too much water,
I'le fly from her for all this pother,
Yet I ſcarce know, where's ſuch another.

Abdrahaman *the Chimney-ſweeper offers to go, but is ſtay'd by* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.*

Muly Ham. Oh ſtay and drink ſome Ale that's nappy,
And make me juſt as th'aſt made he happy.

Abdrah. I'le not ſtay, though you had the Town full,
But will ſuppoſe I have my Crown full;
And my ſelf baniſh from her preſence,
Of all my joys the verry Eſſence;
And to what place ſo e're I blunder,
I'le think I ſee this Cole-yard wonder.

Exit Abdraham. *the Chimney-ſweeper.*

Muly Ham. I do not value all their talking,
Now I have got agen my Maulkin;
Then ſince thou art my only dowdy,
Fie, do not wear thy face ſo cloudy.

Mariam. Abdrahaman, I muſt not forget yet,
For I am ſure y'are in his debt yet.

Hamet Alhaz *the Country Vicar diſcover'd, tyed to a Poſt.*

Muly Ham. My juſtice on yon ſcoundrel ended,
I with a Crown ſhall be befriended;

Piſh,

Piſh, what are Crowns to a fine Woman,
Though moſt of them are very common;
All bleſſings not compar'd with drinking,
Aretine ſhews, (to my thinking,)
Drink in the firſt place I adore thee,
Next Woman, I fall down before thee;
Therefore I'le take thee my ſweet Trallop
Behind me, and ſo homeward gallop:
Empire's but toil, though Commons wou'd leave grumbling,
And age in that's not worth an hour in fumbling.
[*going out.*

Enter Labas *the Corn-cutter haſtily, with his Sword drawn to* Muly Hamet *the Dray-man.*

Muly Lab. Turn ſcoundrel turn thee and thy Trull reſign,
Know I will have her, if ſhe will be mine.

Muly Ham. Labas ----
Come from my Punk, why doſt thou tempt thy fate,
She's my concern ----
Muly Ham. ——————this ſhall the brawl debate
[*means his Sword.*
Who can the toughеſt Fox and longeſt ſhow,
Will find all doxies his, or make them ſo.

Muly Ham. Are you not aſham'd—de'e come here to brawl?
Begone—I'le tear thee from my Natural.
Mariam.

Mariam. Unhand me Caitiffs for I hate you both.

Muly Lab. Both- -Both---did you ſay [*ſpreading his arms.*
O murrain luck! [*thumping his breaſt.*
Can *Jove* hear this? I'le to prevent this wrong,
Scold with my Eyes, and blubber with my tongue.
[*weeping.*

Muly Ham. Doſt thou come here to whine---
What wilt thou dare to do for her, wou't weep,
Wou't drink, wou't Iwear, wou't rant, wou't ſleep,
Wou't tols a Bottle, eat a Cuſtard, or Mince-pye,
VVou't go to bed with her, why ſo will I.

Muly Lab. Ha, ha, he. ——
Doſt thou know what th'aſt ſaid now? If I do
Not do all this, and a thouſand things more ——
Nay if I do not eat, drink, ſleep, go to bed with her,
Play at Scotch-hoppers, chuck-farthing, or anything
And all that, I am the verry'ſt Son of a VVhore breathing.
Spoken laughing, but very poſitively.

Muly Ham. O Villain doſt thou grin, dar'ſt thou believe
After my Drab is gone, that thou ſhalt live?

Muly Lab. VVhat---am I ſlighted, then I will not die,
Till I from you obtain what you deny.

They

They fight, and after several Passes Muly Hamet *the Dray-man falls, and* Muly Labas *the Corn-cutter full of remorse beating his Breast speaks.*

Muly Lab. What Murrain luck, did urge me to contend
Against this honest Fellow, my old Friend?
And yet the baggage I must still pursue,
Let Quean which made the brawl, excuse it too.

{*Exit* Muly Labas *the Corn-cutter.*

Muly Hamet *the Dray-man rises and speaks.*

Muly Ham. Doxie! Doxie!
O thou hast a tender thing!
I'de rather lose a bit of both my Eares,
Did I her warlike Pimp full fourteen years,
Outswear her Hectors, and outface her Dun,
While the vile Girl to Coverlet did run;
Out-cheat the Ale-house when we run o' tick,
Out-last the Headles Penitential whip;
Out-eat old *Mariot* — out-huff Bottle Beer,
Out-cant the Gypsie and the Maunderer;

And

And there where last Night's reck'ning was unpay'd,
When Watchmen furr'd like Bears made all afraid:
I did with hands in Pocket door maintain,
Gainst show'res of marrow bones and Piss pot Rain,
Have I made Wive's secur'd by Husbands yield,
Sent snotty Rascals cursing from loves Field;
Must I for fop *Labas* all this forgo,
For which I did so impudently throw?
He steales my Doxie e're my job is done,
Who can but dream of Claps that I have won.

Exit.

EPILOGUE

An Epilogue ſpoken by Witches, after the mode of *Macbeth*.

EPILOGUE.

Being a new Fancy after the old, and moſt ſurpriſing way

OF

MACBETH,

Perform'd with new and coſtly

MACHINES,

Which were invented and managed by the moſt ingenious Operator Mr. *Henry VVright*. P. G. Q.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1674.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Heccate.	*Mr.* Powel.
1 *Witch.*	*Mr.* Harris.
2 *Witch.*	*Mr.* Adams.
3 *Witch.*	*Mr.* Lyddal.
Thunder.	*Mr.* Goodman.
Lightning.	*Mr.* Kew.

Spirits, Cats, and Musicians.

A N

EPILOGUE

Spoken by

Heccate and three WITCHES,

According

To the Famous Mode of

MACBETH.

The moſt renowned and melodious Song of *John Dory*, being heard as it were in the Air ſung in parts by Spirits, to raiſe the expectation, and charm the audience with thoughts ſublime, and worthy of that Heroick Scene which follows.

The

The Scene opens.

Thunder and lightning is diſcover'd, not behind Painted Tiffany to blind and amuſe the Senſes, but openly, by the moſt excellent way of Muſtard-bowl, and Salt-Peter.

Three Witches fly over the Pit, Riding upon Beeſomes.

Heccate deſcends over the Stage in a Glorious Charriot, adorn'd with Pictures of Hell and Devils, and made of a large Wicker Basket.

Heccate and 3 VVitches.

Hec. What, you have been at Hot-Cockles I ſee, Beldames! how dare you traffick thus, and not call me? 'Tis I muſt bear the Brunt ——— Where's *VV* —— ?

Within.

Within. Here.

Hec. Where's *W*—— ?

Within. Here.

Hec. Where's Mack'rel back and Jilting-Sue.

All the three Witches. We want but you: We want but you.

Hec. You Lazie Hags! what mischief have you done?

1 *Witch.* I was with Templer lock'd from Night till Noon;
My case he open'd thrice and once
Actions he entred three and one,
But grown with study dull as dunce
His deeds I burnt, his Fees I spent;
And till next Term or quarters Rent
I left him poor, and Male-content.

Hec. Thou shalt have a Spirit---What hast thou done?

2 *Witch.* I pick'd Shop-keeper up, and went to th' Sun
He Houncht---- and Houncht---- and Houncht;
And when h' had done,
Pay me quoth I,
Be damn'd you VVhore! did fierce Mechanick cry,
And most unlike a true bred Gentleman,
Drunk as a Bitch he left me there in Pawn.

Hec.

Hec. His Shop is in *Fleetſtreet* ——

2. *Witch.* In *Hackney* Coach, I'le thither ſail,
Like wanton VVife with ſweeping Tail;
I'le do! I'le do! and I'le do!

3. *Witch.* A running Nag I'le thee lend;

2. *Witch.* Thou art my Friend;

1. *Witch.* I'le give thee Shancker and Buboe.

2. *Witch.* I can have all the reſt of Friends below.

pointing to the Pit.

To ſweating Tub I'le youth confine,
VVhere he ſhall dwind'le flux and pine,
Though white VVitch Surgeon drench and noint.
I'le have at leaſt a Joint.

Hec. And what haſt thou done?

3. *Witch.* VVith Cock of Game I fought a Match,
VVhile his —— —— my —— —— did catch,
I ſtole his money and Gold Watch.

Hec. Thou ſhalt have an *Incubus*;

Come

Come to our Friends to make their charms more quicker,
Here's six go-downs of humming Stygian Liquor.

Enter two Spirits with Brandy burning, which drink while it flames, Heccate *and the three VVitches Sing.*

To the Tune of, A Boat, a Boat, &c.

Hec. *A health, a health to Mother* C——
From Moor-fields *fled to* Mill-bank *Castle,*
She puts off rotten new rig'd Vessel.

1. VVitch. *A health, a health to* G—— *that VVitch,*
She needs must be in spight of fate Rich,
VVho sells tough Hen for Quail and Partridg.

2. Witch. *A health, a health to Sister* T——
Her Trade's chief beauty and example,
She'll serve the Gallant, or the Pimp, well.

3. VVitch. *A health, a health to Betty B——*
Though ſhe began the Trade but newly,
Of Country Squires there's not a few lye.

Chorus.

But of all the brisk Bawdes 'tis *M——* for me,
'Tis *M——* the beſt in her degree;
She can ſerve from the Lord, to the Squire and Clown,
From a Guinny ſhe'll fit ye to half a Crown.

1 Witch. *Fie! Fah! Fum!*
By the itching of my Bum,
Some wicked Luck ſhou'd that way come.
{ *pointing to the Audience.*

Hec. Stand ſtill---by yonder dropping Noſe I know,
That we ſhall pleaſe them all before we go.

Hecca-

Heccate *ſpeaks to the Audience.*

Hec. Hail! hail! hail! you leſs than wits and greater!
Hail Fop in Corner! and the reſt now met here,
Though you'l ne're be wits — from your loins ſhall ſpread,
Diſeaſes that ſhall Reign when you are dead.

Deed is done!
VVar's begun!
Great Morocco *'s loſt and won.*

Bank-ſide Maulkin thrice hath mew'd, no matter:
If puſs of t' other houſe will ſcratch, have at her.
T' appeaſe your Spirits and keep our Farce from harm,
Of ſtrong Ingredients we have powerful charm,
To catch Bully Critick whoſe wit but thin is:
Yonder ſits empty *Cully* ſtuft with Guinnies,
Then for the wary ſqueamiſh Critick Lover,
A Dainty Virgin Pullet ſits above there,

And thoſe two Vizards hide a brace of Jinnyes,
Enough to hamper all the Critick Nynnyes:
Beſides all this, our charm is ſtronger made yet,
VVith Dock of Harlot haſht and grylliaded,
Carcaſs of Country Girl that's freſh and wholſome,
Haunch of whetſtone Doe, but that is fullſome.
Moreover Friends! in ev'ry place to fit ye,
Gooſe Giblets, Rumps, and Kidneys for the City.

Heccate and all the three Witches. Huff no more! *a Helliſh noiſe is heard within.*

Hec. He that wou'd damn this Farce does ſtrive in vain,
This charm can never be o'recome by man,
'Till Whetſtones Park remove to Diſtaff Lane.

Within Singing.

Heccate! Heccate! Come away.

Hec. Heark I am call'd----

She

She Sings.

I come; I come; *Alack and well a-day.*
Alack and well a-day.

Within.

The Pot boyls over while you ſtay ---

Heccate.

Vanish ----

In Basket Chariot I will mount,
'Tis time I know it by my count.

Thunder and Lightning: while they are flying up *Heccate* Sings.

The

The Gooſe and the Gander went over the Green,
They flew in the Corn that they could not be
ſeen.

Chorus.

They flew, &c.

The three Witches Sing.

Roſe-mary's green, Roſe-mary's green,
derry, derry, down.
When I am King, thou ſhalt be Queen,
derry, derry, down.

If

If I have Gold, thou ſhalt have part,

derry, derry, down.

If I have none thou haſt my heart.

derry, derry, down.

F I N I S.

If I have Gold, then Jack has put
down, down, down.

If I have more than half my Beer,
down, down, down.

AN EPILOGUE.

THis Farce ——— Not like your Country Girl made proud at Court,
Because she there first learn'd the naughty sport,
She'd now take place of all and's grown so haughty,
Those that debauch'd her, dare not say she's faulty,
Asham'd to own she jilted them with low dress,
As stroling Punk did once in Somers progress:
No, this like Sutlers Doxie, came from *Black-heath*,
Long'd but to be as fine as Witch in *Mackbeth*.

High though it looks 'twill stoop to all good fellows,
As most proud Women will for Story's tell us,
They now will do from Room of State to Ale-house.

Like blith Scotch Maggy Cloaths in River bucking,
T'has shew'd you all the flowers it had worth plucking,
It thinks you Gentle-folks, are all for ——— looking.

Farce and Heroick tale use but one fashion,
Love and affection Layes the first foundation
Then Gyant noyse and show set cheating Glass on.

So little cruising punk and first rate Harlot,
Though one Don's stuff t'others clad in Scarlet,
Use but one Mouse-trap to catch trading Varlet.

Those that adore the Ghosts and Devils yonder,
The Powder Lightning and the Mustard Thunder;
Who though they can't of Plot and Language prattle,
Can mew like Cats, and roar like Drum in battle.

When scourged Vermin from the Stage do Crall
Whipp'd off ——————
As some are from Estates with Lusty Tail,
Those we shall hardly please ——————

When *Heccate* calls, they thither swarm till full 'tis,
Like humours drawn to boil by old VVifes Poultice,
Because at yon Show-house you lik'd such doings,
VVe thought to purchase Cake-bread and stew'd Pruines;
But you look all like Lovers cloy'd fie on ye,
When deed is done you should not grudg your money.

Have we not seen, O whorson Rogue *John Dory*?
You that Damn most, you know not wherefore nor why,
Catch'd ten times o're with one old new dress'd Story.

Be to this joy thus kind you'l rouſe up yet,
Much better Farce, one more Heroick Puppet;
When little Worm is prais'd it will ſo brag o't,
That 'twill ſet Tail on end of bigger Maggot;
Since with ſucceſs great Bard's grow proud and reſty,
To get good Plays be kind to bad Traveſty.

FINIS.